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"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 5H

EPISODE 4: 'The Gamble With Time'

by

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"DOCTOR WHO" EPISODE 4: 'THE GAMBLE WITH TIME'

CAST:

DOCTOR
ROMANA
SCARLIONI
KERENSKY (from Ep 3 reprise)
HERMANN
DUGGAN
COUNTESS
ENGLISHMAN IN ART GALLERY ONE
ENGLISHMAN IN ART GALLERY TWO

N/S:

ARTIST
PASSERS BY IN STREET
MAID
SEVERAL THUGS

SETS:

Int. Laboratory
Int. Storeroom
Int. Library
Int. Corridor outside library
Ext. Earth 400,000 yrs BC.
Int. Modern Art Gallery
Ext. Entrance to Gallery

TELECINE:

Paris Streets
Ext. Cafe

MODEL FILM:

Sephhiroth spaceship take off and explosion

"DOCTOR WHO"

EPISODE 4: 'The Gamble With Time'

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TELECINE 1:

SUPOSE CAM Opening
 Titles:

END TELECINE 1.

1. INT. LABORATORY. DAY.

(REPRISE END OF
EPISODE THREE.

KERENSKY DIES
IN THE TIME BUBBLE)

COUNT: The unfortunate effects of
an unstabilised time field. And I
will do exactly the same thing to
the whole of this city unless you
reveal to me the secret of achieving
a stabilised time field.

DUGGAN: You're mad! You're insane!
You're ... inhuman!

COUNT: Quite so. When I compare my race to yours human, I take the word "inhuman" as a deep compliment.

DUGGAN: But ...

COUNT: Silence!

ROMANA: Count, you have realized that I am not from this planet any more than you are. Why should it worry me if you destroy this city?

(DUGGAN REACTS IN
HORROR TO THIS)

DUGGAN: What are you talking about?

COUNT: Hermann, I think you'd better kill him.

ROMANA: No!

COUNT: I think you've just answered your own question my dear. Not a very clever bluff.

ROMANA: (TO DUGGAN) Just be quiet now will you? (TO THE COUNT) Alright, what are you trying to do?

COUNT: You agree to co-operate then do you?

ROMANA: Just tell me what you're trying to do and I'll see.

COUNT: Excellent. Hermann, take the Englishman away and lock him up. I will keep him as an insurance policy since it is unfortunately not possible to kill him twice.

(HERMANN TAKES
DUGGAN AND LOCKS
HIM IN THE STORE-
ROOM)

My problem is very simple. Four hundred million years ago the spaceship I was piloting exploded whilst trying to take off from the surface of this planet.

ROMANA: That was very clumsy of you.

COUNT: A calculated risk. The spaceship was severely damaged. I was in the warp drive cabin and when the explosion occurred I was flung through the time vortex and splintered into twelve identical parts which now lead ... have lead, independent but connected lives in different times of this planet's history. An unsatisfactory mode of existence.

ROMANA: So you want to reunite yourself, yes?

COUNT: More than that. I wish to return to where my ship is ... was ... and prevent my original self pressing the button.

ROMANA: And you were hoping to do that with this lot.

COUNT: Do not underestimate the problem with which I was faced. My twelve separate selves have been working throughout history to push forward this miserably primitive race so that even this low level of technology could now be available to me.

ROMANA: But this won't work. Put yourself in that time bubble and you would either regress back to being a baby again or go forward to old age.

COUNT: I had ... worked out a way. A very difficult way. But now with your assistance I shall be able to return with ease. Now. Build me a field interface stabiliser.

(ROMANA HESITATES)

Do it!

2. INT. LIBRARY. DAY.

(A MAID IS SHOWING
THE DOCTOR INTO
THE ROOM. SHE IS,
AS WE SHOULD BE,
SURPRISED THAT THE
DOCTOR INSISTS ON
MOVING WITH HIS
HANDS CLEARLY WELL
ABOVE HIS HEAD)

THE DOCTOR: I should like to make
an appointment with Count Scarlioni
at his earliest convenience.

(SWIFTLY WE SEE THAT
THE MAID IS FOLLOWED
BY A THUG WITH A
GUN.

THE DOCTOR NOW
ADDRESSES HIS
REMARKS TO THE
THUG:)

Ah good, someone in authority.

(WE DON'T FOR THE
MOMENT REALISE
THAT HE IS REFERRING
TO THE COUNTESS WHO
IS FOR THE MOMENT
JUST OFF CAMERA.
HE CONTINUES TO
ADDRESS THE THUG:)

Would you please inform the count
that I wait upon him? (cont ...)

(THE THUG MOTIONS
WITH THE GUN FOR
THE MAID TO LEAVE.

SHE DOES SO.

HE MOTIONS TO THE
DOCTOR TO MOVE OVER
BY THE FIREPLACE.

HE DOES SO.

HE KEEPS HIS GUN
TRAINED ON HIM)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) The silent type
eh? Once knew a young chap like
you. Never said a word. "Well,"
I said to him "no point in talking
if you've got nothing to say" Did
well in the end. Name of Shakespeare.
Well we can all misjudge people.

(HE TURNS TO ADDRESS
THE COUNTESS, WHO
WE NOW REVEAL TO BE
STANDING BY THE
WINDOW.

SHE RAISES HER
EYEBROWS ARCHLY
IN REACTION TO THIS
STATEMENT OF THE
DOCTORS)

Read any Shakespeare?

COUNTESS: A little. (cont ...)

(SHE MOVES OVER TO
THE BOOKCASE AND
PRESSES A CONCEALED
LEVER.

THE BOOKCASE SLIDES
BACK, REVEALING
BEHIND IT ANOTHER
BOOKCASE.

THE COUNTESS TAKES
A LARGE LEATHER
BOUND BOOK OFF THE
SHELF AND HANDS IT
TO THE DOCTOR)

COUNTESS: (cont) Hamlet.

(THE DOCTOR LOOKS
AT IT IN SOME
ASTONISHMENT)

First draft.

THE DOCTOR: But this has been lost
for centuries.

COUNTESS: I assure you it is quite
genuine.

THE DOCTOR: I can see that for
myself. I recognise the handwriting.

COUNTESS: Shakespear's.

THE DOCTOR: No, mine. He'd sprained
his wrist playing croquet. Tsk
tsk ... take arms against a sea of
troubles. I told him it was a bad
idea to mix metaphors but he would
insist.

COUNTESS: Doctor it is quite clear
to me that you are perfectly mad.

THE DOCTOR: Ah, nobody's perfect.
If you think I'm mad because I say I
met Shakespeare, then where do you
think your precious Count got this
from?

COUNTESS: He's a collector. He has money and contacts.

THE DOCTOR: Personal contacts? Just how much do you really know about him? Rather less than you imagine I think.

3. INT. LABORATORY. DAY.

(ROMANA IS BUSYING
HERSELF WITH VARIOUS
COMPONENTS.

THE COUNT IS TALKING
TO HERMANN, BUT
KEEPING A CLOSE EYE
ON ROMANA)

COUNT: The Doctor! Here?

HERMANN: I have just been told by
the maid.

(ROMANA REACTS
TO THIS)

ROMANA: The Doctor?

COUNT: Carry on with the work!
(TO HERMANN) So, we have full
houses. Excellent, bring him to me.

4. INT. LIBRARY. DAY.

(SCENE AS BEFORE)

THE DOCTOR: How long have you been married to the Count?

HEIDI: Long enough.

THE DOCTOR: I do like that! Discretion and charm. So civilised. So thoroughly unhelpful.

COUNTESS: Discretion and charm. I could not survive without them. Especially in matters concerning the count.

THE DOCTOR: There is such a thing as being discreet. There is also such a thing as being wilfully blind.

COUNTESS: Blind! I help him steal the Mona Lisa, the greatest crime of the century, and you call me blind?

THE DOCTOR: Yes! You see him as a great master criminal, an art collector, an insanely wealthy man, and it suits you to see yourself as his consort. But what's he doing in the cellar?

COUNTESS: Oh, tinkering. Every man must have a hobby.

THE DOCTOR: Man! Are you sure about that.-?

COUNTESS: What? I ... er ...

THE DOCTOR: A man with green skin
and one eye ...

COUNTESS: (HORRORSTRUCK) What do
you mean?

THE DOCTOR: ... Ransacking the
treasures of history to pay for the
time machine he hopes will reunite
him with his people, the Sephiroth ...

(THE COUNTESS
GAPES AT HIM)

And you never noticed a thing. How
discreet of you. How charming.

(THE DOOR OPENS AND
IN COMES HERMANN)

HERMANN: Doctor. The Count is very
anxious to see you in the cellar.
Come.

(THE DOCTOR, TO
THE COUNTESS WHO
IS FRIGHTENED AND
FLABBERGHASTED:)

THE DOCTOR: Think about it Countess,
think about it.

(THE DOCTOR, ESCORTED
BY HERMANN, LEAVES
THE COUNTESS TO HER
THOUGHTS.

SHE GOES OVER TO
THE REVEALED BOOKCASE
AND TAKES OUT ANOTHER
BOOK.

IT IS IN FACT A
FAKE BOOK. THE
COUNTESS TAKES
THE TOP OFF AND
PULLS OUT A SEALED
PLASTIC BAG FULL
OF TERRIBLY OLD
PARCHMENT. (PAPYRUS?)
SHE TAKES THE
PARCHMENT OUT OF
THE BAG AND, VERY
CAREFULLY UNFOLDS
IT.

WE SEE THAT THE TOP
SHEET IS A DESIGN
FOR THE GREAT PYRAMID
OF CHEOPS, COVERED
WITH HYEROGLYPHICS.

SHE LOOKS AT IT.

THE SECOND SHEET IS
A DESIGN FOR AN
ANCIENT EGYPTIAN
FRIEZE. ALL THE
FIGURES ON IT ARE
TYPICALLY EGYPTIAN,
STANDING IN PROFILE,
WEARING DOG HEADS,
MASKS ETC.

THE LAST FIGURE WE
SEE ON THE FRIEZE
IS IN AN UNCHARACTERISTIC
POSE. THE BODY IS IN
PROFILE, BUT THE FACE
IS TURNED FRONTALLY.
THE FACE IS GREEN AND
HAS ONLY ONE EYE.

THE COUNTESS SINKS
OVER THE TABLE WITH
HER FACE IN HER HANDS)

5. INT. LABORATORY. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR COMES
DOWN THE STAIRS,
HERMANN BEHIND
HIM WITH GUN)

THE DOCTOR: Ah, Count, hello, I wonder if you could possibly spare me a moment of your time? Romana, hello, how are you? See the Count's roped you in as a lab assistant. What are you making for him?

ROMANA: Er...

THE DOCTOR: Model railway? Gallifreyan Egg Timer? I hope you're not making a time machine because I shall be very angry if you are.

(ROMANA LOOKS WORRIED
AND STARTS TO MAKE
PLACATORY NOISES)

ROMANA: Doctor...

(COUNT INTERRUPTS
HER)

COUNT: Ah, Doctor, how delightful to see you again. It seems like only four hundred and sixty years since we last met.

THE DOCTOR: Indeed. I always find the weather so much more pleasant in the early part of the sixteenth century, don't you? Where's Duggan?

COUNT: The Englishman? In there.

(INDICATES STOREROOM)

THE DOCTOR: Hello Duggan!

(DUGGAN'S FACE
APPEARS AT THE
GRILLE IN THE
DOOR)

DUGGAN: Doctor, get me out of here.

(THE DOCTOR TOTALLY
IGNORING DUGGAN'S
REMARK)

THE DOCTOR: Hope you're behaving yourself. Now Count, what I've come to say is that if you're trying to go back in time, you'd better forget it.

COUNT: Why do you say that Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Because I'm going to stop you.

COUNT: On the contrary Doctor, you are going to help me.

THE DOCTOR: Am I?

COUNT: Indeed you are Doctor. And if you do not it will be very much the worse for you, for the young lady, and for several thousand other people I could mention if I had a Paris telephone directory in front of me.

THE DOCTOR: That sort of blackmail won't work Count, because I know what the consequences would be if you got what you wanted. I'm afraid I can't let you fool around with time.

COUNT: As far as I can gather Doctor, you do it all the time.

THE DOCTOR: Ah, but I'm a professional. I know what I'm doing. And I also know what you're doing. Romana, put down the equipment.

ROMANA: Doctor, it's alright, he's only...

THE DOCTOR: Put it down!

(IRRITATED,
ROMANA PUTS
IT DOWN.

THE COUNT
SNATCHES IT
UP. HE
EXAMINES IT)

COUNT: Doctor. I think we can dispense with both your help and your interference. Your lady has done her work very well.

(THE DOCTOR MAKES TO
GRAB IT FROM HIM AND
IS FORCIBLY RESTRAINED
BY HERMANN)

THE DOCTOR: Count, don't you realise what will happen if you take yourself back out of human history?

6. INT. LIBRARY. DAY.

(CU THE COUNTESS'S
FACE. IT LOOKS
VERY HARD AND
RESOLUTE)

7. INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE LIBRARY. DAY.

(THE COUNT EMERGES
FROM THE TOP OF THE
STAIRS LEADING DOWN
THE CELLAR.

HE **WALKS** ALONG THE
CORRIDOR.

HE IS HOLDING THE
SMALL DEVICE ROMANA
HAS MADE FOR HIM.
HE LOOKS GRIMLY
PLEASED)

8. INT. LIBRARY. DAY.

(CU THE COUNTESS'S
FACE, AS BEFORE)

9. INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE LIBRARY. DAY.

(THE COUNT GOES IN
THE LIBRARY DOOR.

HE STOPS IN
SURPRISE, THOUGH
WE DON'T SEE WHY)

COUNT: My dear?

10. INT. LIBRARY. DAY.

(WE SEE THE COUNTESS
STANDING IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE FLOOR
HOLDING A LARGE
REVOLVER IN BOTH
HANDS AT ARM'S
LENGTH. IT IS
TRAINED ON THE
COUNT)

COUNTESS: Close the door.

(WITH A FORCED
SMILE HE DOES
SO)

COUNTESS: What are you!

COUNT: My dear?

COUNTESS: What have I been living with
all these years? Where are you from?
What do you want?

COUNT: If you would allow me to
take those questions in reverse order,
what I want is a drink. Would you
care for one?

(HE MOVES TOWARDS
A DRINKS CABINET)

COUNTESS: Move away!

(THE COUNT TAKES
NO NOTICE AND
PICKS UP A BOTTLE)

COUNTESS: Put it down!

(HE HESITATES,
DECIDES NOT TO
RISK IT. HE
PUTS IT DOWN)

Who are you?

COUNT: I...am Scaroth.

COUNTESS: Scaroth?

COUNT: The last of the Sephiroth.
It has not been difficult to keep
secrets from you my dear. A few
fur coats, a few tinklets, a little
nefarious excitement...

COUNTESS: What are the Sephiroth?

COUNT: The Sephiroth. An infinitely
old race. And an infinitely superior
one. Allow me, my dear, to show you
what you want to know...

(WITH A SLOW GESTURE,
USING BOTH HANDS,
HE PULLS HIS MASK
OFF, REVEALING A
SEPHOROTH FACE
BENEATH)

I am Scaroth! Through me my people
shall live again! (cont...)

(THE COUNTESS IS
HORRORSTRUCK)

COUNT: (cont) I am glad to see you
are still wearing the bracelet I
designed for you my dear. It is,
as I said, a useful device.

COUNTESS: What? What do you mean?

(SHE STARES WILDLY
AT THE BRACELET.

HE PRESSES HIS
ORNATE SIGNET
RING.

SHE SUDDENLY YELLS
IN AGONY AND TRIES
TO TEAR THE BRACELET
OFF. SUDDENLY
SHE SLUMPS)

COUNT: Goodbye my dear. I'm sorry
you had to die. But then it is very
likely in a short while that you will
cease ever to have existed.

11. INT. STOREROOM. DAY.

THE DOCTOR: (PRETTY ANGRY) Whole of Paris being destroyed, what are you talking about Romana?

ROMANA: (TAKEN ABACK) What?

THE DOCTOR: I've a good mind to whip you straight back to the Time Academy and have you sent down. You'd be a computer programmer for the rest of your life.

ROMANA: But he said...

THE DOCTOR: Said, said, said! Just think will you? He had two alternatives, both of which he would have destroyed for himself if he'd messed around on the local scale. Either there was the time bubble ...

DUGGAN: But he couldn't get in that. You saw what happened to the Professor and the chicken.

ROMANA: Yes, it doesn't travel in time, it just goes forward or backwards in its own life cycle. If he'd got in it he'd just have become a baby again. End of threat.

THE DOCTOR: If he got in it!

ROMANA: Yes, that's what ...

THE DOCTOR: Supposing he stayed out of it?

ROMANA: Huh?

THE DOCTOR: And put everything else in it!

ROMANA: What?

THE DOCTOR: The whole world. Push the whole world back in its life cycle. Like the tiny time jumps when we first arrived.

ROMANA: (GRADUALLY TWIGGING, AND HORRIFIED) Oh Doctor ...

THE DOCTOR: The cracks in time. He shifted the whole world back in time for two seconds. He wanted to shift it all back to his time - four hundred million years ago - to save his spaceship.

ROMANA: But how would he buy the power? It would be fantastic?

(THE DOCTOR STRIDES
OVER TO THE
HOLE IN THE WALL
AND POINTS THROUGH
IT AT THE MONA LISAS)

THE DOCTOR: What do you think we've been chasing about for all this time?

ROMANA: The Mona Lisas ...

THE DOCTOR: (SUDDEN CHANGE OF MOOD)
He couldn't sell 'em anyway.

ROMANA: Why not?

THE DOCTOR: Before Leonardo painted them I wrote "These are fakes" on the blank canvasses with a felt tip. Show up on any X-Ray. But ...!

ROMANA: The second alternative?

THE DOCTOR: Is what you have just given him!

ROMANA: No!

THE DOCTOR: Yes! You have given him the vital component he needed to take himself back through time to his ship.

ROMANA: But I had to! Pan's!

THE DOCTOR: In direct contravention of the Time Laws!

DUGGAN: The what?

THE DOCTOR: Time Laws.

DUGGAN: Do they count in France?

THE DOCTOR: They count everywhere!

DUGGAN: Oh.

(ROMANA IS GETTING
PRETTY RATTY NOW
UNDER THIS UNCHARACTERISTIC
ATTACK FROM THE
DOCTOR)

ROMANA: Doctor, I've never known you to be much of a respecter of the Law.

THE DOCTOR: Ah, but ...

ROMANA: No, let me finish! And if you'd bothered to ask me before you launch in with your broadsides ...

THE DOCTOR: Did I launch in with a broadside?

DUGGAN: Yes!

THE DOCTOR: I'm terribly sorry.

ROMANA: (TO DUGGAN) Keep out of this. Doctor, when I made that component I rigged it so that he could only go back in time for a few minutes. After that he would be catapulted back to his own time. Here. Now he couldn't do any harm.

THE DOCTOR: Oh yes he could.

ROMANA: (ANGRILY CONTEMPTUOUS)
Oh what?

THE DOCTOR: A very minute would be enough time to contact his ship and prevent it taking off. Which would mean he would then not be splintered in time.

ROMANA: Yes ...

THE DOCTOR: And everything he has done in history would suddenly not have happened. The history of the human race would be totally changed, maybe even abolished. What are you going to do about it?

ROMANA: We'd better get out of here very quickly.

THE DOCTOR: How?

ROMANA: Er ...

THE DOCTOR: I've got an idea.

ROMANA: What?

THE DOCTOR: We'll ask Duggan.

ROMANA: Duggan.

(WITH HIS GREATEST
DISPLAY OF BRUTE
STRENGTH SO
FAR, DUGGAN LAUNCHES
HIMSELF FEET FIRST
AT THE DOOR
WHICH BURSTS OPEN, CONCUSSING
HERMANN ON THE SPOT)

THE DOCTOR: See? I always have the
best ideas don't I? Sorry? I
shouted, it's been a bad day.

ROMANA: You didn't have to sleep in a
cafe last night.

(THEY MARCH OUT
OF THE STOREROOM
AND COME FACE TO
FACE WITH THE
COUNT, GUN IN HAND)

12. INT. LAB. DAY.

(WE SEE THEIR
HORRIFIED REACTION
TO THE 'SCAROTH'
FACE)

ROMANA: The Sephiroth!

DUGGAN: What the devil's that!

THE DOCTOR: Ssh!!

COUNT: Now you see me as I really
am.

THE DOCTOR: Very pretty.

COUNT: And you will see the culmination
of my lives' work.

THE DOCTOR: How very fulfilling for
you.

COUNT: For thousands upon thousands
of years my various splintered selves
have worked towards this. And now,
with the aid of this device ... so
kindly supplied by the young lady, I
can now make this equipment function
as a fully operational machine.

ROMANA: It ...

THE DOCTOR: Shhh ...

COUNT: I am fully aware of the limitations you have built into it my dear. Believe me it will not affect the outcome. I will return to the moment just before our ship exploded and prevent myself pressing the button.

(HE SLOTS THE
DEVICE INTO AN
APPROPRIATE MOUNTING
AND SETS SOME
DIALS)

You will not be able to read the setting on these dials. They will explode as soon as they have activated. Goodbye Doctor ...

(HE PRESSES A BUTTON
AND DEMATERIALISES.
THE DIALS EXPLODE
AS PREDICTED)

DUGGAN: Well that's got rid of that then. I need a drink.

THE DOCTOR: (LOUD EXCLAMATION) No. We've got a journey to go on!

DUGGAN: Where to?

ROMANA: Four hundred million years ago.

(THEY ALL RUSH UP
THE STAIRS)

DUGGAN: Where?

THE DOCTOR: Just don't ask.

ROMANA: But we haven't got the time or place co-ordinates Doctor. Four hundred million years ago and the whole Earth to chose from is like looking for a needle in the corn prairies.

12A. INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE LIBRARY.
DAY.

(THEY RUN ALONG
THE CORRIDOR)

DUGGAN: You two are off your respective
trolleys.

THE DOCTOR: So will the whole of
history be if we don't get to the
Tardis in minutes.

ROMANA: But the co-ordinates ...

THE DOCTOR: The Sephiroth will leave
a faint trail through time. But we
can only follow it if we get to the
Tardis in minutes!

ROMANA: Where is it?

THE DOCTOR: In the art gallery.

ROMANA: Oh wonderful.

(AS THE DOCTOR AND
ROMANA LEAVE FRAME
DUGGAN STOPS)

DUGGAN: Mad! Mad! They're absolutely
mad!

(HE DASHES AFTER
THEM)

TELECINE 2:

Ext. Paris Streets.

THE DOCTOR and ROMANA
belting down the road,
scattering PEDESTRIANS.
DUGGAN belting after
them.

THE DOCTOR makes several
utterly vain attempts to
stop taxis. He jumps
out in front of them,
but they swerve round him.

THE DOCTOR: Is nobody interested in
history anymore?

They dash on through
the streets.

They arrive outside the
Modern Art Gallery and
rush to the door.

END TELECINE 2.

13. EXT. DOOR TO MODERN ART GALLERY. DAY.

(THEY RUSH IN
THROUGH THE DOORS)

14. INT. MODERN ART GALLERY. DAY.

(IT IS REASONABLY
FULL OF PEOPLE,
THRONGING ROUND THE
VARIOUS EXHIBITS.

AT THE END STANDS
THE TARDIS, WITH
A PLAQUE IN FRONT
OF IT.

SEVERAL PEOPLE ARE
ADMIRING IT.

TWO ENGLISHMEN ARE
TALKING ABOUT IT)

ONE: For me one of the most curious
things about this piece is its
wonderful afunctionalism.

TWO: Yes, I see what you mean.
Divorced from its function and seen
purely as a piece of art, its
structure of line and colour are
curiously counterpointed by the
redundant vestiges of its function .

(HE INDICATES THE
NOTICES AND LIGHT)

ONE: Since it has no call to be here,
the art lies in the fact that it is
here.

(THE DOCTOR, ROMANA,
AND DUGGAN BELT
THROUGH THEM AND
INTO THE TARDIS.
ALMOST IMMEDIATELY THE
TARDIS DEMATERIALISES.
THE TWO ENGLISHMEN ARE
UTTERLY UNPETERBED)

TWO: Exquisite, absolutely exquisite.

15. INT. EARTH EXTERIOR. 400,000,000
YEARS B.C. DAY.

(THERE IS NO
VEGETATION, JUST A
BANK OF MUD BESIDE
A THICK LUGUBRIOUS
SEA.

THE TARDIS
MATERIALISES. THE
DOCTOR, ROMANA AND
DUGGAN STUMBLE OUT)

DUGGAN: What is this place?

THE DOCTOR: This is ... or will be
more or less the middle of the
Atlantic Ocean.

DUGGAN: We're standing on land ...

THE DOCTOR: Duggan, I promise you
we are where I said we would be.
Four hundred million years in Earth's
past.

ROMANA: You can see why the Sephiroth
wanted to leave. Where is our Count?

THE DOCTOR: He will arrive in a
short moment. There is the Sephiroth
ship.

(CHANGE VIEWPOINT
TO REVEAL SEPHIROTH
SHIP NEAR THEM)

The last of the Sephiroth. A vicious
callous war-like race. The Universe
will be well rid of them.

ROMANA: You can see why it must have exploded. It's atmospheric thrust motors are disabled. The idiots must try to take off on warp drive.

THE DOCTOR: Yes, try doing that in an atmosphere and ...

(A SUDDEN THOUGHT
STRIKES HIM WITH
CONSIDERABLE SHOCK)

DUGGAN: That's a spaceship!?

THE DOCTOR: Shhh!

(HE STOOPS DOWN AND
SCOOPS UP A HANDFUL
OF THE SEA LIQUID.
WITH HIS OTHER HAND
HE TAKES OUT A DEVICE
FROM HIS POCKET AND
EXAMINES THE LIQUID)

Look ... this is the amniotic fluid from which all life on Earth must spring. This is where the amino acids form that come together to create minute cells, the cells that will eventually evolve into vegetable, animal and human life.

DUGGAN: That? That soup? We all come from that?

THE DOCTOR: Yes. (HE GETS VERY SOLEMN) Only, not this soup exactly. It is inert. There is as yet no life in it at all. It's waiting for a massive dose of radiation to start it off.

ROMANA: You mean ...

THE DOCTOR: The Sephiroth ship. The explosion which caused Scarlioni to be splintered in time also created life on Earth. And that is about to happen. The birth of life itself.

DUGGAN: Here! While we watch?

(On to page 39)

THE DOCTOR: If we're still watching we'll be in dead trouble. We must stop Scaroth.

ROMANA: Scaroth?

THE DOCTOR: That's his real name. If we don't stop him, the human race will suddenly cease to exist.

ROMANA: Doctor! Look!

(THEY TURN ROUND TO SEE
THAT THE COUNT HAS
ARRIVED AND IS WALKING
TOWARDS THE SEPHIROTH
SHIP)

COUNT: Stop! Stop my brothers!
In the names of the lives of all of us,
stop!

THE DOCTOR: Scaroth! We must stop him.

ROMANA: But all he wants to do is stop himself killing himself!

THE DOCTOR: He mustn't do it!

(THE COUNT SEES
THEM)

COUNT: Damn you Doctor! Keep away from me! I must stop my ship!

THE DOCTOR: No, Scaroth, you can't do it!

COUNT: I am in that ship! I am in the warp control cabin! I must stop myself pressing the button.

THE DOCTOR: No! You've done it already Scaroth. You've thrown the dice once, you don't get another throw.

(THEY ARE CIRCLING
ROUND EACH OTHER,
THE COUNT TRYING TO
GET TO THE SHIP)

COUNT: But I'll be splintered in time again and my people will die!

THE DOCTOR: That's the chance you took. That's the chance you're in there taking!

COUNT: But I can save myself, save my race!

THE DOCTOR: No! The explosion that you, in there, are about to trigger off is destined to give birth to the human race! The moment that your race kills itself off another race is born. That has happened. It will happen!

COUNT: What do I care for the human race! Primitive scum! The tools of my salvation!

THE DOCTOR: No, the product of your destruction!

(THE COUNT LEAPS FOR
THE DOCTOR. HE THROWS
HIM TO THE GROUND AND
HITS HIM. THE DOCTOR
STRUGGLES)

No Scaroth! History must not change! It cannot!

COUNT: I will change it with this knife Doctor!

(THE COUNT MAKES TO STAB
THE DOCTOR.)

DUGGAN'S HAND SWEEPS
DOWN ON THE COUNT IN
A KARATE CHOP THE
COUNT SLUMPS FORWARD ONTO
THE DOCTOR.

ROMANA RUNS UP)

THE DOCTOR: Get him off me!

(DUGGAN PULLS THE
COUNT OFF THE DOCTOR)

ROMANA: Come on! We must get back
to the Tardis!

(SUDDENLY THE COUNT'S
BODY DEMATERIALISES)

THE DOCTOR: His time is up. He's
going back to the chateau.

(THERE IS A ROAR
BEHIND THEM)

DUGGAN: The ship! It's about
to take off!

THE DOCTOR: About to explode you mean!
Come on!

(THEY RUN BACK TOWARDS
THE TARDIS. WHILST
BEHIND THEM THE NOISE
FROM THE SEPHIROTH
SHIP BUILDS IN INTENSITY.

IN THE NICK OF TIME
THEY ARRIVE BACK IN
THE TARDIS.

SIMULTANEOUSLY THE TARDIS
DEMATERIALISES AND THE
SEPHIROTH SHIP GOES UP IN
A BALL OF FIRE, AS AT BEGIN-
NING OF EPISODE ONE)

16. INT. LAB. DAY.

(HERMANN, ON THE FLOOR STILL, COMES ROUND. HE STAGGERS TO HIS FEET.

AT THAT MOMENT, THE COUNT APPEARS BEHIND HIM IN THE TIME BUBBLE FIELD.

HERMANN SPINS ROUND.

IT IS THE FIRST TIME HE HAS SEEN THE COUNT WITHOUT HIS MASK.

HE REACTS IN HORROR.

HE BACKS AWAY, PICKING UP A LARGE PIECE OF EQUIPMENT AS HE DOES SO)

COUNT: (ALARMED) No Hermann!
Hermann, it's me! Put that down!

(HERMANN HURLS THE PIECE OF EQUIPMENT AT HIM.

HE FALLS BACK INTO THE TIME BUBBLE FIELD. THE PIECE OF EQUIPMENT FALLS WITH HIM.

THERE IS A MASSIVE EXPLOSION.
IT IS SAFE TO ASSUME THAT NEITHER OF THEM SURVIVE)

TELECINE 3:

Ext. Eiffel Tower Observation
Gallery. Day

THE DOCTOR, ROMANA AND DUGGAN
looking out over Paris.

DUGGAN is reacting with shock
to something THE DOCTOR has
just said.

DUGGAN: The one nearest the wall?

THE DOCTOR: Yes, it was the only one
undamaged in the fire.

DUGGAN: But it's a fake! You can't
hang a fake Mona Lisa in the Louvre!

ROMANA: How can it be a fake if
Leonardo painted it?

DUGGAN: With the words "This is a
fake" written under the paintwork?
In felt tip?

ROMANA: That doesn't affect what it
looks like.

DUGGAN: It doesn't matter what it
looks like.

THE DOCTOR: Doesn't it? I thought
that was the point of paintings.

DUGGAN: But they'll X-ray it. They'll
find out.

THE DOCTOR: Serve 'em right. If they
need an X-ray to tell them whether a
pictures good or not. Might as well
have painting by computer.

ROMANA: Like we have at home.

DUGGAN: Home? Yes, where do you
two come from?

THE DOCTOR: From? The best way to
find out where you come from is to
find out where you're going and work
backwards.

DUGGAN blinks at them.

DUGGAN: Then where are you going?

THE DOCTOR: I don't know.

ROMANA: Nor do I.

THE DOCTOR: Goodbye!

THEY turn and walk
off.

END TELECINE 3

Sup. CAM: End
Captions

FADE OUT